

The Lexington Intelligencer.

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER, must be signed.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink, who is to take the stump for the Progressive party in Patterson, N. J., is a fine student of harmony and music, both of which are sadly lacking in the Progressive ranks since Teddy was so thoroughly spangled last fall.

There is really but one proper place to tackle the problem of sex hygiene, and that is in the home. A quasi-public discussion of this subject before a class of young men or young women would do no good. The parents are the ones to receive instruction, and only then by one qualified to speak on the subject.

The old "Goose Pond" will soon be no more. Former Lexingtonians living abroad will hardly recognize in the beautiful park being made a single feature of the old unsightly hole. A few thousand dollars more will be needed to complete the work, but, as the citizens have always heretofore subscribed liberally for anything that would improve conditions in the city, no trouble is anticipated in securing all the money that will be required.

General Harrison G. Otis, owner of the Los Angeles Times, which was destroyed by dynamite, October 1, 1910, was the recipient Monday of another infernal machine, containing enough dynamite to blow him into kingdom come. It is very much to be hoped that the postal authorities will catch the devils and give them a taste of their own medicine.

The Kansas City Star is experiencing some difficulty in finding a man to make the race against Senator Stone. It had Mr. Folk nicely fattened for the slaughter, but he saw the light and took the first opportunity to side step. The Star is now feeding Judge Graves of the Supreme Court with a view to offering him as a sacrifice. The people would really like Mr. Nelson to announce himself as a candidate. Why not, William? Let the people of Missouri show just what they think of you.

Lee Shippey now has the co-operation of Bill Nelson for the betterment of the Blue Book route. Here's hoping that they will do less talking and more

work on the route. Nelson's interest in the matter, of course, is a selfish one, as this road passes his farm in Jackson county.

Corder Notes.

Mrs. Lee Martin returned from Kansas City Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Carroll of Webb City are visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. Mike Hughes of Kansas City is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Summers, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogge visited in Marshall last Friday.

Mrs. K. P. Kramer visited in Marshall last week.

Mrs. Ang. Ernstmeier and family moved to Bloomington, Illinois, last week.

Rev. Bruins and family moved to Sedalia last week.

Mrs. Louis Schultz, Mrs. Shadwick and little daughter of Kansas City visited with Frank Schultz and family Sunday.

Mr. Wagner preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening.

Mrs. Fox and son are visiting Harvey Fox and family this week.

Miss Minnie Corder of Higginsville spent the week end with Miss Ellen Corder.

Misses Bernice and Nina Ham spent the week end with Miss Ruth Lewis near Dover.

Mr. Henry Holseher and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Carroll spent Sunday with Robt. Darnell and family.

Miss Mable Hetter shipped in Higginsville last Friday.

The Y. P. B. met with Miss Florence Hitt Tuesday evening.

Miss Pauline Nieman spent Sunday in Alma.

Mrs. Will Schultz and Mrs. Harris Bray shopped in Higginsville last Friday.

Mrs. Harrison Craven and daughter returned to their home in Bloomington, Ill., last week.

Miss Lena Kalthoff went to St. Louis last week.

Floyd Nowlin and Walter Argood of Alma were here Sunday.

Mrs. Phillip Kincheloe of Mayview is visiting relatives here this week.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Gustav Haerle went to Kansas City yesterday to spend the day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Allen went to Kansas City yesterday to spend the day.

Miss Mildred Sydnor returned to her home in Higginsville Wednesday evening after a visit here at Lexington College.

Miss Katherine N. Wilson left Wednesday night for Poughkeepsie, New York, to resume her studies in Vassar College.

Mrs. Bert Taubman went to Kansas City Wednesday evening for a few days' visit.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

Accident Prevents an Unnecessary Separation; It Was the Husband's Last Chance.

By CLARENCE RICHARDSON.

The telephone was jangling discordantly and Cleave was conscious of an acute presentiment of disaster as he took down the receiver.

"Your wife . . . accident . . ." he heard a voice saying. "Thrown from the buggy . . . bend in the road . . . unconscious and grave fears . . . come home at once."

Cleave hung the receiver up and sat staring moodily at the papers upon his desk. He need not start for half an hour, or there would be that much waiting at the station, and he preferred the silence of his office. It seemed like fate, this accident, for he had not expected to see Mary again for months, if ever.

They had been married two years, and had no child. If one had come things might have been different—they might not have quarreled so perpetually. Cleave was not by nature unkind, but he had spent long years of selfish bachelorhood, and he was devoted to his fixed habits. Mary was seven years younger; they had never managed to adjust themselves to each other. They had quarreled over the merest trifles, and their disagreements always left them unrepentant and moody.

How she had loved him before their marriage, thought Cleave, as he sat at his desk. Then she had striven at first to make him happy! And he, too, had tried hard to be good to her, for Mary was very lovable and sweet. But at last they had both given up in despair. Cleave would always remember the words she had said to him that night, three months before:

"I can forgive you, John, and love you, but the memory of these two unhappy years must always be with me. It can never be quite the same again."

And after that everything had seemed hopeless. Things had gone from bad to worse. And finally they



Sat at His Wife's Bedside.

had decided that Mary should go back to her mother, to spend the summer with her. There was to be no scandal. Their friends had no inkling of the condition of affairs, but thought them a devoted couple. They would separate quietly, to resume their relationship in the fall if, after mature consideration, they decided that such an arrangement would be for the best. Mary had been on her way to the station when the accident happened.

Suddenly there swept over him a fuller realization than had ever before come to him of his selfishness. He had ruined her life, he had killed her love. Not the blindest and most devoted love could have survived his callous cruelty and indifference. If he could only have one chance more!

He sprang to his feet and hurried to the street. The car carried him to the station none too swiftly. His train was just pulling out as he flung himself aboard. That was John Cleave all over, he thought bitterly. His wife was dying, and he—loitering at his office when every moment of delay meant so much!

An hour's run and he was treading the streets of the country village in which he lived. He saw his home; an automobile was standing before the door. He rushed in. The doctor and a nurse, hastily summoned, were in the hall. The doctor, on his way out, was giving the nurse her instructions, and for a full minute he did not pay the least attention to Cleave. When he had finished speaking, and the nurse had sped up the stairs, he turned to him.

"Your wife has had a very serious accident, Mr. Cleave," he said. "She was thrown out of the buggy when the horse swerved, and sustained a fracture of the skull. There is no immediate danger, I am happy to say. She may recover consciousness at any time. But we fear some brain injury."

"You mean insanity?" asked Cleave, miserably. He could bear to think of her dead better than of that bright spirit obscured and fettered. The love that he had ever felt for her rushed over him in a tide of bitter reproach. If only he had his chance once more!

"Well, hardly that," parried the doctor. "I cannot say just what form this injury is likely to take—and, really, until it happens, don't let us trouble

ourselves unnecessarily by speculating upon it. Miss Anderson is an excellent nurse and knows just what it is necessary to do. I shall be back this evening."

All through that afternoon John Cleave sat at his wife's bedside, staring into the wide-open eyes that saw nothing. She lay in a stupor; there was not the smallest movement; she might have been a figure of marble. Her beautiful hair had been clipped short and hung like a ragged fringe under the bandages that had been placed about her head. Her hand was as cold as marble in John's feverish one.

"When do you expect her to recover consciousness?" asked John of the nurse.

"At any time," the woman answered. "Today, tomorrow, or tomorrow week. We can't tell—we must just hope."

"Or—never?" he asked, and Miss Anderson turned away without answering.

It was not until the third afternoon that consciousness returned. John had watched continually at his wife's bedside, hardly suffering himself to be torn away for the hastily snatched meals and the brief intervals of sleep. And all the while Mary had remained in the same position and her hand was as cold as John's.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when she stirred and spoke. A light of consciousness came into the eyes; she turned then upon John and knew him. She smiled at him, and the smile was like that which she had worn upon their wedding morning.

"Dearest—where am I?" she asked. "At home," said John, thrilling at the faint clasp of her fingers. "At home, never to go away again."

"But why should I want to go away from you, my husband?" said Mary, smiling. "I feel so weak. Have I been ill?"

"You have met with an accident," he answered. "But thank God you are getting well. Now you must lie still and sleep."

She smiled up at him obediently and for the first time the tired eyelids fluttered down upon the eyes. Mary slept. Her hand in John's was moist and warm. The nurse came in and saw the change.

"She will live, Mr. Cleave," she said. "You didn't expect it, then?"

"No," said Miss Anderson. "She spoke to you, you say?" inquired the doctor of John that evening. "She knew you and spoke and seemed rational?"

"Absolutely rational," answered John Cleave, and turned away. He went into his room and on his knees thanked God for the chance that was to be his. His prayer was answered.

"How long have we been married, John?" Mary asked next day. "It seems such a long time, somehow, and yet I know that it can't really be an entire year as that calendar on the wall seems to show."

John looked at the calendar. It was an old one of the preceding year, and it had remained on the bedroom wall, as old calendars are apt to do when they have become familiarized by time.

"It is June," said Mary, "and we were married in June. Is it a whole year, dearest?"

John dared not tell her that it was two years.

"Dearest," she whispered presently. "Put your arms round me and let me tell you something. Do you know, all the time I was lying here this morning, I have been thinking how unkind I have been to you, and how unhappy I have made you. I want you to forgive me, John. And I believe you can forgive me, because the memories of this year of our marriage have been so dear."

"It is you who must forgive me, dearest," said John, humbly. That night the doctor explained the situation to him.

"Your wife," he said, "is on the high road to recovery. Her mind is as sound as it has ever been. The brain trouble which I anticipated amounts simply to this: The whole of the past year has slipped out of her memory. Has she had any great trouble that could account for this?"

"Yes," answered John, humbly, and the doctor shot a keen glance at him.

"Then that is the explanation," he said. "Her mind was troubled; she wishes to forget the episode, whatever it was. It is necessary for her to forget it in order that she may get well. The group of brain cells which registered those memories have, so to speak, isolated themselves from the remainder. We could possibly awaken those dormant memories, but it would be highly inadvisable to do so. Are you prepared to let her go through life with no memory of that one year?"

"Indeed, I am," said Cleave, "especially since you think it is for the best. But how can she adjust herself to conditions? Will she not be constantly perplexed by discrepancies in dates?"

"Happily not," the doctor answered. "In such cases the mind meets all these problems and solves them in its own way, and to its perfect satisfaction. You have a very charming wife, Mr. Cleave," he added, "Guard her and care for her—and let the past bury its dead."

And John, kneeling at Mary's bedside, thanked God that his chance had come, and renewed his vows, never more to be broken.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Annoyance.

She—These reporters are so careless. This paper says I have been "for years one of the handsomest women in society."

He—Well, my dear, what is the objection to that?

She—Why, I never said anything about "for years."—Puck.



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Miss Katherine Elliott returned to her home in Hughesville yesterday after a visit here with Mrs. Mary Ramey.

G. C. Marquis went to Grand Pass yesterday to spend the day on business.

Mrs. Robert Taubman went to St. Louis yesterday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Paul H. Linn.

James F. Winn went to St. Louis Wednesday night on business.

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